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# Words of Comfort

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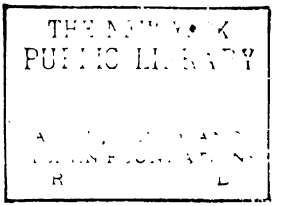
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# Words of Comfort.

BY

*REV. PETER STRYKER, D. D.*

*Μὴ ταρασσέσθω ὑμῶν ἡ καρδία.*
JOHN 14:1.

G. L. SHEARER,
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# A WHISPER TO THE INDULGENT READER.

THE author wrote verses when he was a boy. The most of those juvenile effusions are buried with the dead past. A few are in the present volume. Among them are "The Two Trees," "Sabbath Evening Hymn," and "Liberty." Nearly all these humble poems have been published in papers and periodicals, some of them in tracts and booklets. As we go to press a very beautiful booklet comes from London which is a reprint of "I leave it all with Thee." A few of the hymns have found their way into the church hymnals. Nearly all these pieces have a special history. They were written amid the shadows when the aching heart was looking for the sunshine. May they prove "words of comfort" to some sad souls, and induce all who condescend to read them to look anew to Him who says, "I am the Light of the world."

WOR 19FEB'30

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# WORDS of COMFORT.

## "JESUS IS MINE."

Jesus is mine. His hand divine
  Upon my head caressing
Is softly laid, and with it said
  My Saviour's richest blessing.
How tenderly he speaks to me,
  As fondly as a mother!
No voice so sweet, no words so meet;
  He is my Elder Brother.

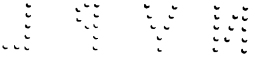
And may I prove my hearty love
  To Christ the Lord, who frees us
From sin and death, and gives us breath,
  My dear, my loving Jesus?
Oh, let me bring my offering,
  And lay it low before him;
With holy praise my voice I'll raise;
  For ever I 'll adore him.

With sacred mirth I 'll sing on earth
The grace of my dear Saviour:
Long as I live my praise I 'll give
For all his love and favor.
Soon in glad song I 'll join the throng
Of the redeemed in glory.
I 'll wave the palm, and sing the psalm,
Repeating the sweet story.

Yes, I 'll repeat the story sweet,
The glorious Evangel:
How Jesus died, was crucified—
Unsung by holy angel.
For he is mine, his love divine
Within my heart I 'll cherish,
And with my voice I 'll e'er rejoice
I was not left to perish.

## THE CREED.

I believe in God the Father,
And in Jesus Christ, his Son.
I believe in God the Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One.
God the Father, the Almighty,
Maker, he, of heaven and earth,
God the Son, who died to save us,
God the Spirit gives new birth.



I believe in one great body,
Church of which Christ is the Head.
Only one, all joined together,
Church the living, not the dead.
I believe in one communion,
Saints united all in love.
Many tribes, but one great nation,
Joined as angels are above.

I believe in sins forgiven
Through the blood of Him who died,
And the final resurrection
Through our Lord, the Crucified.
I am sure there 's life eternal
For the millions who believe,
And the little dying infants;
Christ I know will all receive.

I believe, and I am happy
As I sing redemption's song,
And I cry with all the holy,
"Amen! I to Christ belong."
Come, all Christians, join the anthem;
Let us sing our holy creed.
God is one, and we, united,
One in thought, in word, in deed.

## "THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

Jehovah is my Shepherd;
He careth for his sheep;
There never is a moment
But he his watch doth keep.
Before me he is walking,
I see his friendly crook,
I hear his words of sweetness
And in his face I look.

My heart is full of gladness
As I behold his smile
And hear his words so gentle:
"Come rest with me awhile."
For many years he 's led me,
And every need supplied,
So I have learned to trust him
Whatever may betide.

There may be gloomy seasons,
Earth blessings may seem scant,
But sure I am my Shepherd
Will never let me want.
I know he will defend me
From all my subtle foes,
And lead me all my journey
Whatever may oppose.

How fresh and green the pasture
In which he bids me feed!
How gently flow the waters
Beside which he doth lead!
How sweet the grace he giveth
To all who do his will!
I eat, and drink, and look up,
And he is with me still.

When I in folly wander,
And leave the blessed fold,
He comes, and with his Spirit
Restores me, as of old.
Again he kindly leads me
In paths of righteousness,
And he for his own name's sake
Is pleased my soul to bless.

Why should I not be happy
When feasting on his love?
Why not exult in gladness
As do the saints above?
I cannot keep from singing
My loving, grateful song:
"The Lord, he is my Shepherd,
And I to him belong."

Yea, though I walk 'mid shadows
No evil will I fear;
Death may be in the pathway,
But glory, too, is near.
Is not my Shepherd with me?
I see his rod and staff,
And while I have this comfort
At every ill I'll laugh.

For me he spreads a table;
For me—unworthy me!
He feeds me in the presence
Of those from whom I flee.
Then with new strength the battle
For God and truth I fight,
And know that I shall conquer,
Assured my cause is right.

My head with oil anointed
In grateful tribute bends,
My soul breathes out its praises
To him who blessing sends.
My cup with joy runs over,
The cup my Shepherd fills,
And as I drink the nectar
My heart with rapture thrills.

Then let me take fresh courage,
  Whate'er my lot may be:
For know I not that all things
  Shall work for good to me?
Goodness and mercy truly
  Shall follow all my days,
And in the home eternal
  I 'll sing my Shepherd's praise.

## GO FORWARD!

O CHURCH of God, go forward!
  Egyptian darkness flee;
Thy home no more in Goshen,
  A better place for thee.
Thou hast a holy mission;
  The world before thee lies.
Secure is thy salvation?
  Lead others to the prize.

O Church of God, go forward!
  The wilderness thy way;
Let not thy footsteps falter,
  Nor in thy march delay.
Earth is no place for resting;
  We sojourn but a while,
Then follow Christ more closely,
  Encouraged by his smile.

O Church of God, go forward!
The land of promise see;
Soon will we cross the Jordan
And in fair Canaan be.
The heavenly home before us,
Why should we tarry here?
Although the way seems tedious
Eternal joy is near.

'T is God who says "Go forward!"
Thy pathway through the sea,
Beside the smoking Sinai,
Along the flowery lea;
Soon thou wilt stand on Nebo,
Thy weary wanderings o'er,
Then spring from earth to heaven,
With Christ forevermore.

## PENIEL.

DEAR Lord, I crave thy blessing
On me to-day.
My cause is very pressing,
Brooks no delay.
In love to thee I cling,
With faith my troubles bring,
My arms around thee fling;
Hear me, I pray.

Because the day is breaking
  Must I let go?
Ah no! my heart is aching
  Thy will to know.
Say not I am too bold;
I cannot loose my hold
Until my lips have told
  The love I owe.

This is to me Peniel.
  In prayer all night
My heart took no denial,
  And now 'tis light.
I wrestled with my Friend.
The contest at an end,
My life in love I 'll spend
  Within his sight.

The uncreated angel!
  I see his face,
And sing my glad evangel
  To his sweet grace.
No longer will I fear,
Shed not another tear,
Because my God is near.
  O happy place!

Thou 'rt beautiful, Peniel,
Sweet mystery!
The place of bitter trial
Is joy to me.
Where are the dread alarms?
Faith all my fear disarms,
I see my Saviour's charms,
And feel I 'm free.

No longer need I wrestle.
The conflict o'er,
In Jesus' arms I nestle,
While I adore.
"Israel"! I have no claim
To that illustrious name,
And yet 't is mine, the same,
For evermore.

As if I were the stronger,
And could prevail;
Against th' Almighty longer
My arm avail!
O help me all my days
To utter forth thy praise,
My grateful song I 'll raise,
And never fail.

Naught shall my soul dissever
From Thee, my Lord.
Thine will I be forever;
Thy grace afford.
Peniel! Lovely place!
I see God face to face,
And rest in his embrace,
Cheered by his Word.

---

## THE TWO TREES.

In the first year of my ministry I received a letter from my mother, saying, "Our children have all left us, some for their life work, and others on a visit, and your father and I feel like the old trees before our door stripped of their foliage, and in the wintry blast we lean one towards the other for love and sympathy."

This letter called forth the following youthful effusion:

How well do I remember
Those trees before your eye,
And how they looked so dreary
When wintry winds swept by.

How oft I 've gazed upon them
  Stripped of their foliage fair,
And marked their mutual leaning
  As if their griefs to share.

But well do I remember
  Those trees before your door
When spring in all her glory
  Proclaimed the winter o'er.
Then raised their heads, once drooping,
  In beauteous verdure clad,
Their leaves danced in the sunlight,
  The trees said, "We are glad!"

Do you, dear father, mother,
  Compare yourselves to these?
Do you feel sad and lonely
  As now you watch the trees?
Oh think! The spring is coming,
  Soon will its zephyrs bland
Breathe their ethereal mildness
  O'er all the lovely land.

And once again your loved ones,
  Wherever now they roam,
Will join the social circle,
  All in the good old home.

Then, toils and cares forgotten,
We 'll join in prayer and praise,
And celebrate the goodness
That crowneth all our days.

And is there not, dear parents,
A spring more fair and bright
Than earth has ever witnessed,
Or e'er will bless her sight?
Oh is there not a heaven
Where partings are unknown,
And where the soul will never
In sorrow brood alone?

There trees of life are growing
Clad in eternal green;
There men and angels radiant
With glory bright are seen.
And shall not all the dear ones
Now absent from your board
With you at last assemble,
"Forever with the Lord"?

## CORNER-STONE HYMN.

HOLY FATHER, God of love,
Send thy blessing from above.

May we realize this hour
Thy rich grace and quickening power.
Listen to the song of praise
Which with loving hearts we raise.

Holy Saviour, bend thine ear,
Our petitions kindly hear.
Seated on thy heavenly throne,
Wilt thou each disciple own?
Listen to the song of praise
Which with grateful hearts we raise.

Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Fill us all with sacred love,
Breathe new life within each breast
While in thee we find our rest.
Listen to the song of praise
Which with fervent hearts we raise.

Father, Son and Spirit, Three,
Blessed, glorious Trinity,
As this Corner-stone we lay
Bless thy waiting church, we pray.
Listen to the song of praise
Which with happy hearts we raise.

## NEW YEAR SONG.

With merry lay, this happy day
We join in celebration:
Hearts full of cheer, with voices clear
We offer our oblation.
Blessings abound the whole year round
All by our Father given!
And so in love we look above
And waft our song to heaven.

We sing how spring on zephyr wing
Came with fresh odors breathing;
Then summer fair with flowers rare,
In beauteous garlands wreathing;
Next in the train, with queenly reign,
Came autumn, full of blessing,
Then winter hoar with bounteous store
Her measure heaped and pressing.

Night with repose, day to its close
With love and peace o'erflowing,
Each bids us raise our song of praise
To him all grace bestowing.
But gift most rare, beyond compare,
Is that of free salvation:
Saviour divine, this gift is thine,
And thine our hearts' oblation.

## IONA.

There is a small island, three miles long and one and a half miles broad, called Iona, or Icolmkill. Sometimes it is called I, or Hy. It is situated nine miles from Staffa, and is separated from the Island of Mull, which is on the Western coast of Scotland, by a narrow channel. Iona is very remarkable in history. It is considered a sacred island. Numbers of Scotch, Irish, Norwegian and French kings are buried there, the last of whom is the famous Macbeth. But it is chiefly noted as the seat of the ancient Druids. In the year 564 A. D. St. Columba visited it, and established there a college for the education of the people. This institution acquired great wealth and increased in influence until the time of the Reformation. It continued under the control of the Culdees until the 13th century. The island is now the property of the Duke of Argyle. It is said that at one time Iona possessed as many as 360 crosses. All these except four have been destroyed by Puritan zeal. Sepulchral remains still cover the island in the shape of cairns and stone monuments of all kinds. The following lines may serve to keep in mind this little bit of a history:

Oh, sacred isle!
A speck upon the sea,
Washed by the Atlantic wave
Incessantly:
Not Erin green, or Scotia fair,
With thee, Iona, can compare.

What though so small
That many see thee not;
It cannot be, blest land,
Thou 'lt be forgot.
Though thou shouldst sink into the sea
With loving heart we 'll think of thee!

What though a mass
Of ruins meets the eye,
And monuments of time
Long while gone by,
And naught appears of present glory
To deck the page of future story!

The mighty past
Speaks volumes in thy praise;
And time triumphantly
To bygone days
Points with her finger, and we see
Records of immortality.

The Druids' isle
Thou art, the classics say,
And cairns and cromlechs tell
At this late day
Of those great men beneath thy sod
Who centuries since the green earth trod.

But there is one
Whose name is greater far
Than king or Druid's name:
Like a bright star,
Columba, thou wilt ever shine,
Reflection of the orb divine!

Columba's isle!
The Culdee's holy land!
Though small, Iona, yet
Thy fame shall stand.
In the dark ages light from thee
Shone on the world, o'er land and sea.

---

## CONSOLATION.

In every hour of sweetest joy
I look to thee, dear Lord;
The only bliss without alloy
Is that Thou dost afford.

At times I feel an angel hand
  Upon my fevered brow;
I look into the better land,
  And say, "'T is heaven now!"
Earth seems to me like Eden fair;
  My path is strewn with flowers;
I breathe the softest summer air,
  And rest in silvan bowers.
Around me gather all the best,
  In praise their voices blend;
I feel I am supremely blest,
  But oh! the bliss must end.

A gloomy cloud sweeps o'er my head,
  'T is dark, and damp, and cold.
It stoops. Its touch is like the dead.
  It wraps me in its fold.
I close my eyes. The cloud is gone,
  And with it one I love.
My heart is sad. I am alone,
  And dazed I onward move.
But in my loneliness and grief
  My heart cannot despair:
There comes to me a sweet relief
  As I look up in prayer.

I see my loved one dressed in white
Amid the angel throng;
I hear her voice, as with delight
She sings the angel song.

'T is but a moment. Then the gate
Is closed. I feel a pain;
"But wait, dear heart, a little wait,
Soon it will ope again."
'T is Jesus speaks. "Poor, weary one,
Be faithful to the end;
I am thy portion, I alone
Thy true and constant Friend.
A little while, and then the door
Will open wide for thee;
Thy sorrows then will all be o'er,
Vanished each mystery.
Then thou shalt walk the golden street,
And find the mansion where
Thy loved ones now in glory meet,
And wait thy presence there."

I hear thy voice, Beloved One;
Thou art my constant joy;
With thee I never am alone,
Nor sad in thy employ.

I give myself anew to thee,
And onward urge my way,
Until the cloud shall stoop for me
And night is lost in day.
A little while! The end will come,
The end of toil and pain,
When I shall reach the heavenly home
And prove "to die is gain."
What bliss to me will then be given
When sin and sorrow cease!
I then will know the joy of heaven,
And rest in perfect peace.

---

## WAIT.

Wait, O thou weary one, a little longer;
A few more years, it may be only days.
Thy patient waiting only makes thee stronger:
Eternity will balance all delays.

Wait, O thou suffering one! Thy days of sorrow
Will bring to thy poor soul its richest gain.
If thou a Christian art, a brighter morrow
Will give thee tenfold joy for all thy pain.

Wait, O thou anxious one! The cloud that hovers
In gloom and darkness o'er thy aching head
Is sent of God in mercy, and he covers
Thee with his heavenly mantle overspread.

Wait, O thou mourning one, now bending lonely
Beside the grave where sleeps thy Christian friend.
That sacred dust is watched by angels holy,
And they thy journey will in love attend.

Be patient and submissive: each disaster
Will bring thee nearer to thy loving Lord.
These trials make thee like thy blessed Master,
Who conquered, and will thee his grace afford.

Be patient and submissive: strength is given
For every step along the weary way.
And for it all thou 'lt render praise in heaven
When dreary night gives place to perfect day.

Yes, perfect day; the day of God, eternal,
When not a shadow shall flit o'er the scene,
In that bright land where all is bright and vernal
And we will be with Christ, and naught between.

Wait then, dear heart! Control thy sad emotion;
God will subdue each angry wind and tide.
And when the voyage ends, across life's ocean,
In peaceful waters thou wilt e'er abide.

## THE DYING BELIEVER'S SONG.

A little while before his death Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby called for a paper and pencil, and wrote, "My heart is sweetly resting on Jesus, and my hand is in his."

My heart is sweetly resting
On Jesus Christ, my Lord.
He will not fail, who loves me,
His blessing to afford.
I know that I am nothing,
But he is all in all;
I 'll trust him, living, dying,
Whatever may befall.

My heart is sweetly resting
On Jesus; and my hand
His hand is clasping firmly,
As near me he doth stand.
He 's with me, blessed Saviour!
I lean upon his breast,
And in his loving presence
I feel supremely blest.

My heart is sweetly resting
On Jesus; and he 's come
To take my ransomed spirit
To his eternal home.

Farewell, farewell, beloved ;
The hand once pierced for me
Is holding mine, and quickly
In heaven I will be.

---

## THE TWO SISTERS.

Beside a sacred mountain,
Famed for its olives still,
There was a humble cottage
Within a quiet ville.
In olden times two sisters
Dwelt in that little dome,
And with a much loved brother
Enjoyed a happy home.

To Bethany the Saviour
Loved oft to wend his way,
There from the holy city
To spend a peaceful day.
Within the humble cottage
He sought a calm retreat,
And 'mid those true disciples
He found a welcome seat.

Within that pleasant dwelling,
Where peace and comfort reign,
Behold the blessed Master
In holy converse deign.

The meek and docile Mary
Is stationed near her Lord,
Low at his feet reclining,
To hear his gracious word.

Hark! from his lips are falling
Sounds to believers dear,
And every accent enters
The pious Mary's ear.
With holy love she gazes
Upon his placid face,
And finds each word he utters
Is full of truth and grace.

The cares of life forgotten,
In free and heavenly thought
The gentle sister listened
To what the Saviour taught.
His words were sweetest music,
His smile her greatest joy,
Attention to his teaching
Her noblest, best employ.

But lo, there sounds a murmur—
The troubled Martha speaks;
She also loves the Master,
To do him honor seeks,

And cumbered with much serving,
By toil and care opprest,
She thus her soul unburdens
To her beloved Guest:

"Lord, see! My thoughtless sister,
Unkind, cares not for me;
Leaves me alone to labor
And idly sits with thee.
Please bid her share these duties,
And show a woman's pride,
That we may strive together
Our bounty to provide."

But Jesus answers, "Martha,
Much care is in thy heart;
There is but one thing needful,
'T is Mary's better part.
The love of God, her portion,
Will ne'er depart away,
The word of life she chooses
Leads to immortal day.

Come, sit awhile beside her
And listen to my voice;
Far better this than labor
Or any worldly choice.

There is but one thing needful,
Oh, choose the better part!
Come, Martha, sit with Mary,
And let me fill your heart."

---

## "I LEAVE IT ALL WITH THEE."

O God, I leave it all with thee:
Thou leadest me;
And though the way at times seem drear,
I will not fear.

Do not I know that I am thine,
And thou art mine?
Why then should I be filled with care,
Or why despair?

There is an eye, a loving eye,
That from the sky
Is watching o'er me when I dread
My path to tread.

There is a voice, a gentle voice,
Bids me rejoice,
E'en in the very gloomiest hour
When storm-clouds lower.

There is a hand omnipotent,
And I 'm content
While I can feel that hand divine
Is holding mine.

There is a heart of tenderness,
And its caress
Is balm to my poor troubled breast
And gives me rest.

That eye, that voice, that hand, that heart,
Sweet peace impart;
And in them all by faith I see
One who loves me:

One whom I ever trust and love
All friends above,
On whom, to all eternity,
I will rely.

Then, Lord, I leave it all with thee;
Thou strengthenest me;
And if the way seem dark and drear
I will not fear.

## FEAR NOT.

Why should I fear to-morrow?
The Lord directs my way.
Why should I trouble borrow?
I live but for to-day.
Whenever I am weary
In God I find my rest;
And when the path seems dreary
I know it 's for the best.

Why should I fear to-morrow?
I have a gracious Friend
Who knows my every sorrow,
And will my cause defend.
I see him near me smiling,
In trial and in joy.
My weary hours beguiling
In his own blest employ.

I will not trouble borrow;
There is a better way,
For when it comes to-morrow
Will be another day.
And then my God may banish
The sorrow from my heart,
And as the shadows vanish
His sweetest love impart.

O give me grace, my Saviour,
Thy constant love to see;
To-day to seek thy favor,
To-morrow leave with thee.
I know I cannot perish
If I but trust thy grace;
And so thy love I cherish,
And rest in thy embrace.

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## "MY HAND, DEAR LORD, IN THINE."

My hand, dear Lord, in thine!
However dark the way
A light within will ever shine,
A beam of day.
While on in faith I press
My soul thou dost illume,
And I am full of happiness,
Nor mind the gloom.

My hand, dear Lord, in thine!
What though the way seem rough?
If I may feel the touch divine
It is enough.
Onward o'er hill and dale
My journey I 'll pursue,
Until thou dost remove the veil,
And heaven I view.

My hand, dear Lord, in thine!
What though the way seem long?
My weary soul will not repine,
But sing a song.
My rest I 'll find in thee,
In holy work my joy,
And prayer and praise shall ever be
My sweet employ.

My hand, dear Lord, in thine!
I 'll never let thee go;
Nor wilt thou e'er my soul resign
To endless woe.
Thy hold will be on me
Amid the din and strife,
Until I wake to share with thee
Immortal life.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

SWEET carols let us sing,
Rich offerings let us bring
To our Redeemer King
Who reigns in glory.
From heaven to earth he came,
Praise to his holy name!
Let all redeemed from shame
Rehearse the story.

Above angelic lays
Our Christmas hymn we raise;
With heart and voice we praise
  The infant Jesus.
The song ascends on high,
It soars above the sky,
And echo gives reply:
  "From sin he frees us."

For He, the humble born,
In poverty forlorn,
Subject to bitter scorn
  And vile behavior,
The great and holy One,
Was God's anointed Son
Who by his deeds hath won
  The name of Saviour.

Then on this natal day
Our tribute let us pay,
And in a joyful lay
  Unite our voices.
Loud will we raise the song;
Still the sweet strain prolong:
Thy Church in one vast throng,
  O Lord, rejoices.

## WHITE CROSS HYMN.

" My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."
Come join with me, my fellow-men,
In Christ we will endure.
Trusting in God, let us proceed,
And vanquish all our foes;
Though Satan all his forces lead,
And earth and hell oppose.

I see the cross, the blood-stained cross.
I 'm washed from every sin.
The Saviour takes away the dross,
And makes me pure within.
To thee I lift this other cross,
The White Cross, in His name,
And pledge myself, whate'er the loss
It shall not suffer shame.

I hear the voice, I see the face
Of my beloved Lord;
I feel within my heart his grace,
And rest upon his word.
His cross with gratitude I raise,
And join the noble throng
Who give their bodies with their praise,
Their labor with the song.

## BY FAITH.

By faith I feel the love benign,
And know my sins forgiven:
On me is laid the hand divine,
And Satan forth is driven.
Beside the blood-stained cross I stand;
I see my dying Lord.
He meets for me the Law's demand;
And sheathes the vengeful sword.

By faith I see my Saviour's face:
He looks in love on me.
He clasps me in a fond embrace,
And says "I died for thee."
Then I behold his hands and feet,
I see his open side,
Redemption is for me complete:
For me the Saviour died.

By faith I walk the blessed road
Trod by the men of old;
Familiarly I talk with God,
Nor does he deem me bold.
For with the Elder Brother near
I may "My Father" say,
And Jesus bids me never fear
When in his name I pray.

By faith I look beyond this sphere,
  Beyond the starry sky:
I see the home where not a tear
  Bedims the Christian's eye.
I hear the song, the new-old song,
  Sung by the saints above:
Happy I soon will join that throng,
  And sing eternal love.

## THE ADRIATIC WOMEN'S SONG.

THERE is a story current that certain pious women, living on the shores of the Adriatic Sea, when their husbands have gone off on fishing excursions are accustomed at nightfall to wander down to the beach, especially when they are afraid of a storm, and sing the first verse of a familiar hymn. They then listen, and fancy they hear in response the voices of their husbands coming over the sea, singing the second stanza of the same hymn.

On Easter Sabbath, March 31, 1872, in company with other friends, I was sailing down the Adriatic on my way to Egypt and Palestine; and then wrote the following lines, founded upon the fact or fiction, whichever it may be, just related:

O, a song, a song, on the banks of the sea!
Fair women are singing the sweet melody,
How gently the music steals over the main!
The hearts of the singers are in the rich strain.

Their husbands devoted, men earnest and brave,
Have gone in their fishing-smacks over the wave,
The women are troubled a little with fear,
For a storm is brewing. It seems to be near.

Out on the broad surface they gaze with love's eye,
No signs of return can their vision descry.
So they sing, and their song sweeps over the sea,
And, blessed be God! full of hope is the glee.

There comes o'er the waters a sound sweet and low;
A voice seems to whisper, "In peace ye may go;
With comfort return each to children and home:
Our God will protect us wherever we roam."

Familiar the tones: they have often been heard.
Not the sigh of the wind, or the song of a bird;
But the accents of loved ones come over the wave,
The women are happy, assured God will save.

Hark! the very same tune they were singing they hear;
Their hearts, no more anxious, are filled with good cheer;
Not only the tune, but they hear the same psalm
They were singing themselves, in praise of the Lamb!

Even thus, as I sing on the margin of time,
I think of my loved ones in holier clime;
And over the waves of eternity's sea
There comes a response full of comfort to me.

I listen, and fancy I hear once again
The voice of dear parents in holy refrain.
In their song celestial they bid me be brave,
And trust in the Lord who has risen to save.

Yes, Jesus has risen! Immanuel lives!
What joy this assurance my weary heart gives!
Soon I too will unite with those gone before,
Bow down at the throne and my Saviour adore.

Hail, then, Easter Sabbath! and hail, thou blue sea!
Sweet music from heaven I hear, full and free;
And as I enjoy the rest and the calm
I join with the saints in Eternity's psalm.

## GOOD SHEPHERD.

A Sabbath-school hymn for the little ones.

GOOD SHEPHERD, grant thy blessing
Upon thy lambs to-day,
And thy kind hand caressing
On each head softly lay.
With praise we come before Thee,
Our hearts are full of love;
On earth we would adore Thee
As angels do above.

They call us lambs of Jesus,
And such we wish to be;
Oh, how that name would please us,
If heard pronounced by thee!
Lambs of the flock, dear Saviour,
We follow in thy way;
Look on us each with favor,
And never let us stray.

With heavenly pasture feed us,
In meadows green and fair;
By the still waters lead us,
And make us all thy care.
Safe through each vale of sorrow
Lead thou the gloomy way,
Until we see the morrow
Of an eternal day.

## CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

Psalm 56 : 3.

"WHAT time I am afraid
I 'll trust in Thee."
On God my heart is stayed
Eternally.
I know He 's always near
My soul to save.
What have I then to fear?
Why not be brave?

What though ten thousand foes
Beset my way,
And in their might propose
My course to stay;
With Jesus by my side
I 'll fight them all.
While I in him confide
I cannot fall.

Weak, I—yes, very weak!—
Almighty he!
I only need to speak,
My strength he 'll be.
A sinner lost, undone,
To him I 'll fly;
He is the helping One,
And hears my cry.

I may be tempest-tossed,
But will not die.
I never can be lost
While Christ is nigh.
He is my Saviour, Friend,
A Friend indeed.
My soul He will defend
In time of need.

Oh make me happy, Lord,
As well as brave.
Thy loving grace afford
As Thou dost save.
And though the pilgrimage
Be sometimes drear,
The battle help me wage
And never fear.

Happy in Thee I 'll be,
Though in great pain;
"Happy, my God, in Thee,"
Is my refrain.
Happy when trials spring
My way across;
Happy in everything:
Profit or loss.

Happy I 'll ever be,
And not afraid,
Because, dear Lord, on thee
My soul is stayed.
And this shall be my song
In darkest night,
For when my faith is strong
I see the light.

It shines upon my path,
Sometimes a flood.
It drives away the wrath,
The wrath of God.
It fills my soul with peace,
This light divine;
And it will never cease
In love to shine.

## EVENING PRAISE.

WHEN evening comes with her bright starry train,
And stillness hovers over earth and main,
The Spirit calls; 't is then the hour for thee
In holy prayer to bend thy grateful knee.

Forget it not! For bending round the shrine
A thousand loving hearts will beat with thine.
Christians of every clime will join with thee
At that sweet hour upon the grateful knee.

Forget it not! For then the Father's eye
Is gazing on thee from the star-lit sky,
And seems to say that God delights to see
Love and devotion on the grateful knee.

Forget it not! For then a holy calm
Will steal around thee: while the precious balm
Of Jesus' love will bid each sorrow flee,
And peace will bless thee on thy grateful knee.

And when the final eve of life shall come
Faith will conduct thee to that blessed home
Where men and angels e'er will join with thee
Before the throne, upon the grateful knee.

## THE MORNING LIGHT.

BRIGHT shine the rays of the beautiful morning,
Swift roll the shadows of dark night away;
Hail to the light of millennial dawning!
Come, thou long-promised and glorious day.

See in the East, from the mountain-tops gleaming,
Sunbeams resplendent; o'er valley and plain
Shine the bright rays, in a golden flood streaming
Eastward and westward, on meadow and main.

Christian, arouse thee! Why longer reclining,
Wrapped in the folds of a spiritual night?
See, the bright beams of the morning are shining:
Open the lattice, and let in the light!

Sun of the soul, we hail thy appearing!
Spirit of grace, oh, enliven each heart;
Light of the world, with thy mellow rays cheering,
Zeal and devotion to all now impart.

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## WHY SAD TO-DAY?

My heart, dear Lord, is sad to-day,
But thou canst make it glad to-morrow.
And so, in faith, I come to thee
Thou blessed, glorious Trinity,
And ask that thou wilt give to me
Support in sorrow.

If best that I be sad to-day
  Content I 'll be, if glad to-morrow;
Trusting, my God, alone in thee
For time and for eternity,
All things shall work for good to me;
  In joy or sorrow.

Quite sure I am, if sad to-day,
  Some time there 'll be a glad to-morrow.
It may be far, it may be near,
But sure I am it will appear—
The happy day—all bright and clear
  And free from sorrow.

So cheer up, heart! Though sad to-day
  Anticipate the glad to-morrow.
In darkest night sing songs of joy;
Let naught thy holy peace destroy,
Be prayer and praise thy chief employ:
  Away with sorrow!

But why must I be sad to-day
  And wait for joy until to-morrow?
Does not the picture need the shade?
Without the wood how have the glade?
Is not that best which God has made?
  Oh, then, why sorrow?

I 'll not be sad at all to-day,
  Nor wait for joy until to-morrow.
For though I suffer sharpest pain,
And working every nerve must strain,
Trusting in Christ, my sweet refrain
  Shall be " no sorrow."

Yes, and I sing I 'm glad to-day
  And hope to be more glad to-morrow.
For having made the happy choice
I cannot but in Christ rejoice,
And every day with cheerful voice
  I 'll sing " no sorrow."

Oh come with me, and trust to-day!
  Wait not until the bright to-morrow.
This is the favored time! Oh now
Before the Saviour humbly bow,
And he will teach thy spirit how
  To sing " no sorrow."

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## A PILGRIM SONG.

WHEN the sky is bright above me,
When around all seem to love me,
When no fears or sorrows move me,
  Then I 'll trust in God alone.

He 's the source of all my pleasure,
He from out his richest treasure
Gives me, without stint or measure,
All I need, and for my own.

When the way is dark and eerie,
When my feet are worn and weary,
When my heart is sad and dreary,
Surely then I 'll trust the Lord.
He it is who kindly leads me,
He who daily clothes and feeds me,
And I know, whate'er my needs be,
He will kindly help afford.

On the mount, or in the valley,
On the highway, lane or alley,
I will still my courage rally—
"Trust in God," shall be my song.
He is all, I want no other,
Jesus is my Elder Brother,
Tender as a loving mother!
I to him, my Lord, belong.

## 'T IS SWEET TO SLEEP.

'T is sweet to sleep in the Saviour's arms,
To lie in the Saviour's tomb;
Be freed forever from death's alarms,
Not even to feel the gloom.
How quickly the years will roll away!
It will be but one short night;
In perfect rest we will wait for the day,
Nor miss the beautiful light.

No cares will burden the happy soul,
No pains the body annoy.
No ghostly fear will the mind control,
Or take from the holy joy.
The ransomed spirit with Christ will be
In the home prepared above;
Will join in the heavenly melody,
And sing of redeeming love.

We shall sleep, but not ever in death,
Nor stay in the gloomy grave,
We 'll waken to feel the gentle breath
Of Jesus, mighty to save.
The angel's last trump with joyful sound,
Will quicken the pious dead,
Then our bodies will spring from the ground,
And with the glorified tread.

We wait for the resurrection morn,
The glorious Easter day,
When the Lord will come, and we be borne
From the dust of earth away.
The soul, which has been with God above,
Will join the body again,
And man, immortal, will live and move,
Forever with Jesus reign.

'T is nothing, Lord, to suffer with thee;
Thou dost sanctify each pain,
If I live with Christ, I know for me
To die will only be gain.
And then will come the sleep of the grave
From which the body will rise,
For the risen Lord will come to save,
And raise it to Paradise.

All hail, adorable Saviour, hail!
In thee thy people shall live,
Thy prayers for them will ever avail,
And the blessing thou dost give.
We fear not death, nor the grave, nor hell,
Thou art ever by our side,
With thee we triumph, with thee we dwell,
With thee will be glorified.

## THE BELIEVER'S PARADOX.

2 Cor. 12:10.

WEAK in myself, I felt most weak
When groaning 'neath the law I lay;
I had not strength aright to seek
And find the straight and narrow way.
I rolled in sin, and sought in vain
Unaided from my filth to rise;
And thus I tossed in guilt and pain
Until on Christ I fixed my eyes:
Then first I rose and sang the song,
"*When I am weak, then am I strong.*"

Weak in myself. O yes, I feel
Too weak to make one effort good
Until at Jesus' cross I kneel,
And wash anew in his dear blood.
Then from my lethargy I spring,
And naught appears too hard for me,
My doubts and fears aside I fling,
And glory in infirmity;
In Christ I trust, and sing the song,
"*When I am weak, then am I strong.*"

And thus I will for ever sing
While in this vale of tears I roam.
I 'll trust in Christ until I wing
My way to heaven, my promised home.

O give me grace, my God, to bear
The ills which crowd this mortal life,
Let me but cast on thee each care
Until death kindly ends the strife;
Then, weak no more, my song shall be,
"*In thee I'm strong; O Lord, in thee!*"

## THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

We come to the golden wedding
With hearts o'erflowing with love,
To honor our friends beloved,
And praise the Father above.
Here meet in delightful union,
The scenes of the past to review,
The father, mother, and children,
And the children's children too.

And many friends and relations
Are present this festival day
To join in the generous greeting,
And for God's blessing to pray.
The absent ones—some in spirit—
Are hovering o'er them now,
In the gentlest words to whisper
Their cadences sweet and low.

The gold of Ophir will tarnish,
Its beautiful lustre fade;
But love, more pure and more lasting,
Was for eternity made.
We come to this golden wedding,
Our hearts all glowing with love,
To honor these sturdy pilgrims,
And praise the Father above.

We haste to another wedding:
To tread the golden floor
In the house of many mansions
When our pilgrimage is o'er.
To enter the golden city,
To walk the golden street,
And then in the golden palace
To sit at Jehovah's feet.

Thence to the princely banquet
We will wend our way along,
And unite our happy voices
In the new eternal song:
Praise, praise to the Bridegroom, Jesus,
Who came to our earth and died,
And then arose and ascended
To proclaim the Church his bride!

Come, haste to the golden wedding!
Let us join the ransomed throng
Who play on their harps so sweetly
And sing the jubilee song.
Our toils and trials all ended
We will wave the victor's palm,
And find our happiness perfect
At the marriage of the Lamb.

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## "COME UNTO ME."

For little children.

Jesus, I, a little child,
With my heart by sin defiled,
Hear thee say in accents mild,
"Come unto me."
Oh how sweet to me thy voice!
With a full heart I rejoice
As I make the blessed choice,
And come to thee.

Jesus, o'er my little head
Thy kind hands are gently spread
As the words are sweetly said,
"Come unto me!"

Thy rich blessing I receive,
On thee only I believe,
Heart and all to thee I give;
Yes, all to thee!

Jesus, on thy loving breast
Now I lay my head to rest,
With thy gracious words impressed—
"Come unto me!"
I am thine, for ever thine,
O, I love to call thee mine,
While I happy here recline,
Trusting in thee.

## GOOD NIGHT.

In weariness I sink to rest
Upon my bed,
And sweetly on my Saviour's breast
Pillow my head.

No heavy burdens do I bear
In my repose:
Dismissing every worldly care
My eyelids close.

As sleeps the infant on the arms
Of mother love,
So rest I, free from all alarms;
God is above.

Kind watch o'er me through all the night
His eye will keep,
And with the early morning light
I 'll wake from sleep.

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## GOOD MORNING.

I wake from sleep,
And from my couch, refreshed, I rise;
To him who kindly watch doth keep
I lift my morning sacrifice.

My dearest Friend!
How shall I render thanks to thee,
For thy protection? I depend
On thee, and thou dost care for me.

By day, by night,
At home, abroad, thou dost provide;
Thou art my soul's supreme delight,
Each moment thou art by my side.

I give my heart—
My all to thee, dear Lord, I give.
This day to me thy grace impart;
My grateful orison receive.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, thou who art in heaven,
We hallow thy great name,
To us, we pray, thy grace be given,
While we our love proclaim.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done;
As in the heaven above,
So on the earth may every one
Be governed by thy love.

Give us this day our daily bread
And all our sins forgive,
In charity may we be led
And as thy children live.

Lead us, dear Lord, in thy good way,
From vile temptation free;
Deliver us from sin, we pray,
And make us pure like thee.

Thine is the kingdom, thine the power.
We praise thee once again;
The glory thine this holy hour
And evermore! Amen!

## EASTER HYMN.

Why linger at the tomb?
Jesus is risen.
He hath dispersed the gloom,
Opened the prison.
Come, see the empty place;
He is not here;
Neither his form nor face
To us appear.

Jesus is risen indeed;
He is not dead,
He lives our cause to plead,
Just as he said.
Awakened from his sleep,
Mighty to save,
Why should we longer weep
Beside his grave?

He lives that we may live
And never die.
His grace to us he 'll give
Eternally.
Not now in Galilee
Seek thou the Lord,
He 's here, and will to thee
Sweet peace afford.

Why tarry at the tomb
Where saints lie dead?
They sleep amid the gloom,
And feel no dread.
Only the body frail
Lies in the grave,
Our Jesus lives, all hail!
The soul to save.

Oh, mourning one, rejoice!
Thy Saviour see;
Listen! his loving voice
Addresses thee:
"Because I live, thou too
With me shalt live,
The life that 's ever new
To thee I give."

'T is thine on earth a while
With Christ to weep,
And then, while angels smile,
With him to sleep.
And then awake, arise,
In beauty dressed,
With him in Paradise
Supremely blessed.

## SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

THE sacred light is gone:
Departed beam of day,
To regions far away
Thou for a time art flown.
And as I sit in solitude,
And darkness gathers fast,
'T is sweet to muse awhile upon
The holy season past.

The precious Sabbath hours
Are waning to a close,
And nature seeks repose
For all her wearied powers.
But ere I greet thee, placid sleep,
And yield to thy embrace,
I fain would linger yet awhile
At the blest throne of grace.

Father in heaven! to thee
My thoughts delighted soar.
Thy mercies I adore,
This Sabbath given to me.
Do thou this holy evening smile
Upon me from above;
Forgive each sin, and let me rest
Enjoying thy rich love.

Dear Saviour, at thy feet
In gratitude I bow;
Look kindly on me now
Low at the mercy-seat.
Let me but hear thy gracious voice
Pardon and peace proclaim;
Then shall I, as I rest this night,
Rejoice in thy dear name.

Spirit of love! Thou Spring
Of hope, of life divine!
The power alone is thine
Enduring peace to bring.
Come, thou great Comforter, impart
Life to my languid powers;
Oh let thy genial influence cheer
These swift declining hours.

All praise, Great God, to thee,
Thou blessed Three in One,
Thou Father, Spirit, Son,
Thou glorious Trinity!
Each Sabbath I 'd devote to thee,
Each day in praise employ,
Until my voice shall fail on earth
To raise the note of joy.

Then will I reach that land,
Far in the distant skies,
Where purer anthems rise
From th' angelic band;
Where Sabbath scenes will never end,
The Christian's rest ne'er cease;
Where in the presence of our God
Is everlasting peace.

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## "BLESS ME, DEAR SAVIOUR."

BLESS me, dear Saviour, bless me!
I come to thee for grace;
In life's terrific battle
Help me my foes to chase.
Like Gideon's little army,
Onward my way shall tend;
And faint, yet still pursuing,
I 'll triumph in the end.

Bless me, dear Saviour, bless me!
I come to thee for rest;
My weary head I'd pillow
Upon thy loving breast.
By day, by night, I 'll trust thee,
Awake, and when asleep;
Assured that thou wilt ever
Thy vigil o'er me keep.

Bless me, dear Saviour, bless me!
I come to thee for joy;
Not only peace, but gladness,
And bliss without alloy.
I may not have this blessing
In all its fullness here:
'T is kept for me in heaven,
Where never falls a tear.

Bless me! I know thou 'lt bless me
In all my pilgrim way,
And bring me where the shadows
Will never gloom the day.
My joy is now to journey
Close to thy loving side,
And hope with thee in glory
For ever to abide.

## THE SABBATH.

How sweet the holy Sabbath,
When all is calm and bright,
And in the gentle quiet
We see the Lord, our light!
Brighter than noonday splendor
He shines within the soul;
The broken heart beholds him,
And once again is whole.

What rest comes to the weary!
  What pleasure to the sad!
Forgetting all his troubles,
  The Christian soul is glad.
Light beams from God in heaven,
  The shadows flee away;
Peace to the heart is given
  Upon this perfect day.

Oh what must be the Sabbath
  In that fair summer land
Where Jesus leads his people,
  A holy, happy band,
Beside the living fountains,
  And in the pastures green,
Where never flits a shadow
  Across the lovely scene!

Roll on, O Time! thy chariot;
  Let days and nights succeed;
We will not mind the darkness,
  The toil we will not heed;
The blessed consummation,
  The Sabbath without end,
For all the tribulation
  Will more than make amend.

## "I HEARD A VOICE."

I HEARD a voice, the sweetest voice
That mortal ever heard;
Oh, how it made my heart rejoice,
And every feeling stirred!
'T was Jesus spoke to me so mild,
He called me to his side,
And said, although with heart defiled,
I might in him confide.

I saw his face, the fairest face
That mortal ever saw;
I longed the Saviour to embrace,
From him new life to draw.
"Come unto me," he kindly said,
"And I will give thee rest;
The ransom price I fully paid,
Repent, believe, be blest."

I felt his love, the strongest love
That mortal ever felt;
Oh, how it drew my soul above,
And made my hard heart melt.
My burden at his feet I laid,
And knew the joy of heaven,
As in my willing ear he said
The blessed word, "Forgiven!"

Dear Saviour, let me ever sing
Thy praise while I have breath;
Each night and morn my tribute bring
Until I sleep in death.
And then my soul, beyond the sky,
Shall join in sweet acclaim
With all the ransomed throng on high,
Praising Messiah's name.

## THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

All seasons are thine own, dear Lord,
And all reflect thy glory;
They all to us some truth afford,
And all repeat the story—
The story of thy wondrous love,
A love all other loves above,
Because to sinners shown.
From January cold
To July hot, the old,
Old story is made known.
Through August and September,
And on to bleak December,
Forward we move;
Alike in summer, autumn, spring,
And winter, we thy praises sing
As on we rove.

All seasons are thine own, dear Lord,
And all repeat the story;
They all to us some truth afford,
And all reflect thy glory.

## TO DIE IS GAIN.

WHY should we be afraid to die
When God's own loving hand
Conducts us to the world on high,
To join the heavenly band?
Death to the Christian is to sleep
Forgetful of all care;
The ransomed soul the Lord will keep,
Safe in his bosom bear.

Death is the hand that lifts the latch
And opens wide the door;
We need no longer wait and watch,
But tread the golden floor.
We wake to see the light of heaven,
And God's own image wear;
Glory divine to us is given;
We breathe celestial air.

The last great enemy is death,
And death will be destroyed;
How strange to yield our mortal breath
And leave this dismal void!

To rise above the world of sin
Where death can never come;
The life of perfect bliss begin
In God's eternal home.

Then, death, where is thy cruel sting?
And where thy victory, grave?
The song of triumph we can sing
Through Him who came to save.
We 're happy now, with death in view,
And happier soon will be,
When all our sins we bid adieu,
And wake our Lord to see.

## LIBERTY.

I SEE a bird careering in the air.
Now swiftly through the vast expanse it flies,
And soon is lost in its ethereal path;
Then, slow of wing, it gently glides along,
In varied course, and with a beauteous grace.
Fair bird! I love to watch thy wandering,
For on thy waving plumes shines liberty.
I stand beside a bold, meandering brook:
There in a noisy way it rolls along,
With fury dashing past the craggy rocks;
Here in a smooth and placid stream it runs,

And steals along with scarce a murmuring sound.
I stand beside that stream and muse awhile,
For on each drop seems written liberty.
I meet a merry throng, women and men;
With light and easy step they pass along,
While from each eye a ray of gladness beams.
With melody and harmony they sing,
And fill the air with the sweet songs of joy.
'Tis freedom's voice I hear, and on each brow
I see thy signet, glorious liberty.
I turn and seek the gloomy prison cell.
There on a scanty couch reclines the form
Of one whose limbs have long in fetters lain.
Yet soon I read a joy within that soul,
For from his lips I hear, "Christ makes me free."
Sublime those words, and rich the peace they bring!
Oh, is not this most precious liberty?
This is immortal freedom, this alone.
The fatal arrow stops the warbler's flight,
The summer's drought consumes the babbling brook,
The tyrant's hand enchains the human form;
But, Christian soul, thou art forever free!
A joy that conquers every pain is thine,

For in thy heart is perfect liberty.
Invincible and bright thine armor is;
Thy weapons are not carnal, else perchance
Thou mightest fall before thy many foes.
Wrought by the spirit of our Lord they are,
And safe will bring thee on thy weary way
To thy eternal home of peace in heaven,
Where not one foe shall check thy liberty.

## SWEET BIRDS OF SPRING.

Sweet birds of spring! From southern climes they come,
From citron groves, and where the orange grows;
From sunny lands, whose spices breathe perfume,
With fragrance lovely filling all the air.
Sweet birds of spring! They come to usher in
The new-born glories of the blooming year
With their delicious symphony. They come
To praise their great Creator, at whose call
The genial breath of spring steals o'er the land.
They come to warble in the high tree-top
Amid the verdant leaves and blossoms sweet.
They come to call the careless man to note
God's goodness beaming from fair nature's face.

Sweet birds of spring! I love to hear their hymns
Of praise to him who clothes the earth in robes
Of beauty, decks the trees with foliage gay,
And makes a thousand shrubs and flowers emit
A balmy odor o'er the land. Sweet birds,
I love to hear you, and my heart and voice
Shall join your song; my lute shall take a part
In your glad hallelujahs, nature's choir!
  Spirit of holiness, invigorate
My drooping energies! Arouse my soul
To see and duly estimate the smiles
Of Him who sits supreme in heavenly state,
Yet stoops to visit us, spreads o'er the earth
A thousand beauties for the eye to see,
A thousand comforts for our various use.
Divine instructor, teach me how to love
And tell me how I shall adore aright
The blessed Three in One, whose mighty voice
From naught into existence all things called!
Help me to vie with nature's minstrelsy
In notes of praise to him who gives the spring;
A spring not only to the outer world,
But a much brighter spring to that dark realm
Where moral winter long has reigned in gloom.
  Sometimes I think 'tis spring within my soul.
Oh, if there is one sign of holy life
The work is thine, Jehovah, mighty God!

All praise to thee for what already is!
Yet may I not devoutly crave more grace,
More light, more dew, more showers from heaven,
To make the garden of the soul appear
As fair as Eden in its pristine state?

## A SABBATH IN THE ADIRONDACKS BESIDE LEWEY LAKE.

How grand these mountain wilds!
Here nature seems in pristine glory robed,
And here the God of nature shows his power
And majesty. I hardly dare to breathe,
For in this solitude, great God, I feel
Thy presence. This is sacred ground. I stand
Like Moses full of awe at Horeb's steep,
And as that holy man saw God within
The bush that burned but could not be consumed,
So I in these grand mountains only see
Thee, mighty God, and in this quiet hour
I hear no voice but thine borne on the breeze.
Yes, thou art here; and at the thought my heart
Is thrilled with joy.
And wilt thou come in love,
And meet me in this weird-like wilderness?

Father divine, clasp to thy loving breast
The child that fain would love thee best of all!
Jesus divine, exalted Son of God,
Break this oppressive silence with thy voice,
And tell me I am thine and thou art mine!
Spirit divine, oh, come, and gently breathe
Within my heart, and make me know and feel
I am the Lord's.
Fair lake, if on thy waves
I could discern, as anciently was seen
On Lake Tiberias, the form of One
My soul most dearly loves, and if I heard
Him bidding me upon these waves go forth
To meet him, joyfully I 'd venture, and
If, sinking in the waters, as I cried
" Lord, save me!" he his hand stretched forth to me,
How would I, full of love and gratitude,
Fall in his arms and weep for very joy!
O sacred silence! in these solemn wilds
It is as if eternal Sabbath reigns.
Except as now and then the sportsman dips
His line to catch the wary finny tribe,
Or some brave hunter cracks his rifle at
The fleeting deer, it seems as if each day
Were holy to the Lord of hosts.
Oh, thus

'T will be in heaven. But there no solitude
Will be required to insure the sanctity.
Amid the throng of angels and the host
Of men redeemed, naught shall offend the ear,
Naught shall the heart defile. Perfect we 'll be
Amid perfection, finding rest and bliss
In one eternal Sabbath day.
Roll on,
Thou surging tide of time, and quickly bring
Our bark to that fair haven! Hasten, sun,
Thy course, till days and months and years shall cease,
And on the mount above we breathe the air
Of heaven, and begin to spend with God
The Sabbath without weariness or end!

## EZEKIEL'S VISION.

THE man of God, led by the hand divine,
Stands near a valley filled with dead men's bones;
And as he passes round no signs of life
Appear. Death reigns sole monarch there. And oh,
Disgusting sight! those human bodies lie
Unburied, while from each the skin and flesh
And sinews all are wasted, and the bones,

Disjointed and entirely dry, are strewed
Around. Oh, dismal place!
But hark! A voice
Is heard. Jehovah speaks. "Can these bones live?"
"No," answers reason, and philosophy
Is silent. Human learning stands abashed.
But faith looks up with child-like confidence,
And meekly says, "O God, thou knowest. If
Thou hast decreed, 't will come to pass; for what
Can be too hard for thee?"
Hark once again:
"Ezekiel, prophesy, and tell those bones
They shall revive, and, clad once more with flesh,
And skin, and sinews, they shall live and move."
Promptly the mandate is obeyed. The voice
Of man proclaims the word of God. And hark!
A noise is heard. And look! a shaking there;
Those dry bones move, and each to each approach.
Forms of humanity are visible.
Fashioned in perfect symmetry they are,
But cold, like marble statues—for they 're dead.
At length the winds of heaven invoked begin
To fan those torpid bodies, and to breathe
The breath of life in lungs quite motionless.

Those corpses live! They rise and upright stand,
A countless army.
Earth, the valley thou,
And, sinners, ye the dry bones are. But as
The voice of God Triune is heard in tones
Distinct and accents clear; as stern commands
And invitations kind are oft addressed
To you, the message heed calling you each
From sin to holiness, from guilt to grace,
From misery to joy, from endless death
To immortality in heaven!

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## TO AN AGED CHRISTIAN LADY WHO WAS BORN BLIND.

A VEIL bedims thine eye, my gentle friend,
And hides from view the objects fair which near
Thy way in sparkling beauty cluster e'er.
The sun shines brightly o'er thy path each day,
But, though thou 'rt warmed and cheered by the glad rays,
Thine eye can never see the golden beams.
The tints that deck the azure sky at eve,
Or streak the firmament at early morn,
Awake no pleasure in thy cultured mind.
Although the rainbow in the cloud appears,
The brilliant colors all to thee are lost.

The flowers that bloom, of varied form and hue,
The waving tree and the luxuriant grain,
All are alike in darkness hid from thee.
And e'en the forms of those beloved ones,
Who round thee day by day administer
Kind words and deeds of comfort, are unseen—
For thou art blind.
And yet thou art not blind.
Thy Saviour has been near thee, and his hand
Of mercy has applied the healing salve
To the benighted vision of the soul.
Praise God, thine eye of faith is open wide,
And clearly sees, through gloomy doubts and fears,
The brightness of that distant world above
Illumined by the glory infinite
Beaming from God the Father and the Lamb.
While many near thee blind in error move,
And grope their way down to eternal death;
While millions in far distant lands are more
Than blind—for darkness reigns not only in
But all around the soul—darkness complete,
Dispelled by no glad ray from heaven—
Thou, favored one, hast light divine to shine
In constant beams of splendor o'er thy path,
And grace, still more propitious, has removed
The film that clouds the vision of the soul.

And now thou mayest gaze with raptured eye
On all the objects bright which line the road
That leads the Christian pilgrim to his home
Celestial. Yes, and fairer, brighter far
Than all beside, Immanuel near thee stands,
And as with look serene, and full of love,
He smiles, lady, on thee, thou may'st return
That look of love, and gazing on his face
Exclaim, "My Lord, my God!"
Then murmur not
Because the light of earth shines not for thee.
The light of holiness, of heaven, is thine.
And when thy pilgrimage on earth is o'er
With angel eye thou shalt in glory see
What mortal vision never can behold,
What human mind can ne'er conceive, nor voice,
Nor pen of human beings e'er describe.

## MY SAVIOUR'S VOICE.

Psalm 85: 8.

METHINKS I could forever sit and hear
The voice of Him who spake as man ne'er speaks.
There 's music in that voice to charm the ear
Of angels, and to make the heart of men

Redeemed from sin and misery leap for joy.
Oh speak, my Saviour, God! Intent I wait,
I listen for thy voice, and hardly breathe,
Lest I should lose one word, one accent sweet.

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## A HYMENEAL.

DEAR loving hearts, we wish you well
On this your bridal day;
In union sweet long may you dwell,
Most fervently we pray.
And more than all do we rejoice
That Christ hath joined your hands;
That he, the Lord, approves your choice,
And seals the holy bands.

He meets you at the nuptial feast,
And makes your Cana bright;
By him your joy will be increased,
And darkness turned to light.
Through all your journey he will go,
And give you holy peace;
A river which will gently flow,
And, flowing, never cease.

Christ gives not only peace but joy
To all who trust in him,
A happiness without alloy,
A light that ne'er grows dim.

Oh, while devotedly you cling
In loving, life embrace,
Hold on to Christ, and he will bring
You safely through by grace!

Then at the marriage of the Lamb,
The bridal feast in heaven,
You 'll join with myriads in the psalm
"Glory to Christ be given!"
The Church, the Bride, in ecstasy
Will meet in realms above,
And you to all eternity
Will sing the song of love.

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## THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

UNFURL the temperance banner,
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas.
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold!
Oh let the joyful story
In every ear be told!

The drunkard shall not perish
In alcohol's domain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again.

And sober men repenting
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their iron hearts relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

The blaze is brightly burning
In this and every land,
And multitudes are turning
To join our temperance band.
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long the rays combining
Will shine from pole to pole.

Soon will a brighter morrow
Succeed this august day,
When drunkenness and sorrow
Afar shall fly away.
Then let us join in chorus,
And sweeter pæans raise,
While angels bending o'er us
Join in the holy praise.

## THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

My love is on the deep blue sea,
Afar from land, afar from me,

And like the sea I 'm very blue;
Just how she is I wish I knew!
Darling, the birds sing sweet o'er me,
The fishes mutely play round thee,
But birds and fishes all combine
To point us to the Hand divine.
They bid us feel we 're free from harm
Because we 're clasped in God's great arm.
And since from him no power can sever
We 're each to each united ever.

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## ARBOR DAY.

Oh come away! 't is arbor day!
Let children leave their work and play,
Let busy men stop in the way,
That each may plant a tree.
The winds blow softly o'er the land,
Wild flowers appear on every hand,
Spring stretches forth her magic wand:
The world is full of glee.

So, men and maidens, strong and fair,
Give heed: leave every cumb'ring care!
Come, as the kings and queens ye are,
And each one plant a tree.

A tree that may your hopes revive,
A joy to some sad heart may give,
Which, when you sleep in dust, may live;
A future blessing be.

'T is well the earth to ornament;
For this ye all were hither sent.
Let not your noble powers be spent
In sordid selfishness.
Do good, and thus to others be
A joy of heart incessantly;
At least you each can plant a tree,
And thus the world may bless.

And as the trees take root and spring,
And birds amid the branches sing,
The angels near on holy wing
Approvingly will smile.
And each to each will softly say,
"How sweet the breath of early May!
But sweeter, better, on this day
Is he who plants a tree."

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## "ALL MY SPRINGS ARE IN THEE."

When sunbeams shine brightly o'er mountain and lea,
When hope dispels darkness, and fills thee with glee,

When plenty stands o'er thee with uplifted horn,
To empty her treasures of wine and of corn;
When health paints her roses upon thy fair cheek,
And thou hast each pleasure thy glad heart may seek—
Then turn thine eye upward the Giver to see,
And sing with delight, "All my springs are in thee."

Should a cloud in thy sky, not as big as thy hand,
Arise, and in gloom o'er the heavens expand,
Should poverty sting, disappointments assail,
Should sickness or sorrow compel thee to wail,
Should friends become traitors, or foes more malign,
And all human trials against thee combine,
Then Jesus will say, "Weary soul, come to me,"
And thou mayest sing, "All my springs are in thee."

If thy trust is in Christ, come weal or come woe,
All shall work for thy good while a pilgrim below,

In sunshine and shadow thy God will be near;
With grace to defend thee, and kind words to cheer.
Then onward! nor halt in the journey of life;
Press on with a brave heart 'mid danger and strife.
Thou shalt rest from thy march in heaven, and see
Thy God, and e'er sing, "All my springs are in thee.

## GRATEFUL SYMPHONY.

When morning breaks o'er hill and plain,
And sunlight drinks the dew,
Our loving hearts cannot refrain
To yield their homage true;
Then with the linnet's early praise,
In carols full and free.
God of our life, to thee we 'll raise
Our grateful symphony.

When Phœbus speeds his chariot bright,
Lighting the golden day,
And scatters in his brilliant flight
Rich blessings o'er our way,



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O then our eyes, uplift to heaven,
Will seek, great Father, thee,
And to thy name in love he given
Our grateful symphony.

When evening spreads her starry train
And tints the western sky;
When o'er old nature's vast domain
The winds scarce breathe a sigh;
Then when the daily labor's o'er
Our thoughts shall turn to thee,
And upward to thine ear shall soar
Our grateful symphony.

And when life's weary day shall close,
The night of death draw near,
When our poor bodies shall repose
Upon the sable bier:
Our spirits then will seek the land
Whence sin and sorrow flee,
And mingle with the heavenly band
Their grateful symphony.

## DEDICATION HYMN.

Sung at the dedication of the 3d Reformed Church of Raritan, July 30, 1851.

Triune Jehovah! Lord of all!
List to thy people's fervent call.

Meet with us in this holy place;
Come in thy power, come in thy grace.
This house we dedicate to thee:
Here let us all thy glory see;
Make this the place of thine abode,
Thine earthly dwelling, gracious God.

Great King of Zion, lend thine ear
To prayers and praises offered here.
O, send they Spirit hither, Lord,
To seal on every heart thy word.
Watch o'er this house. Long may it be
A place where saints may worship thee.
Where they shall feast upon thy love;
Prepare for sweeter joys above.

Here may the guilty pardon find,
The troubled soul gain peace of mind,
The needy feed upon thy grace,
And all behold thy smiling face.
O, hear us, condescending Lord!
Thy richest blessing now afford;
And to the glorious Trinity
This house devoted e'er shall be.

## THE PLAGUE OF DARKNESS.

Exodus 10: 21–23.

The man of God stretched forth his hand toward heaven,
And straightway o'er the land of Egypt rolled
Cimmerian darkness, thicker than the shade
Of blackest midnight; darkness that was felt
By guilty Pharaoh and his heathen host.
For three long days they saw no cheerful light,
Not one lone ray lit up their dwellings drear;
Morbid they sat, each in his place, nor could
One eye behold the face of friend or foe.
It was a period of deep gloom, too deep
For words to tell or heart conceive. Yet, oh!
More sad and dismal far, no beam of hope
Shone in their hearts, all sin-benighted and
Accursed. The plague of darkness that prevailed
Within the outer world was but the type,
The emblem faint, of that deep moral gloom
Which like a funeral pall hung o'er the souls
Of Egypt's king and people.

But within
All Israel's dwellings there was light, bright light:
The glory of the Lord shone in each house,

And thus the holy people each could see
The face of each, and pass from place to place
In social intercourse, and in discharge
Of household duty while the time away
Until the plague of darkness was removed.
And doubtless in those days were Israelites
Indeed, like Nicodemus, in whose souls
There was no guile, who feared and served the Lord,
And in their hearts a light from heaven shone
More brilliant than the effulgence of the sun
In cloudless splendor shining forth at noon.
As in the days long gone so now it is:
There are a host in darkness, darkness that
Is felt, debasing darkness, moral gloom.
But, Christian, in thine heart from God's great throne,
From him that sits thereon, the ray of hope
And joy, of wisdom and of love, has pierced
Its way, and, like the light that has adorned
The ancient temple, it is always there;
Its radiance pure, undimmed, unflickering,
And Eternal. And shall that light be hid
Within? The Candle of the Lord—shall it
Be put beneath a bushel, where its light
Shall ne'er display its beauty to the world
That lies around in darkness and in death?

Avaunt the thought, disciple of the meek
And lowly Nazarene! "Arise, and shine!"
Hark, from above God's voice is calling thee
To shed abroad the light of holy truth,
And by the savor of sweet godliness,
By fervent prayer and earnest efforts joined,
Attest the power of that religion which
God's servants recommend, and which we all,
If we profess to feel, should aim to show
In life consistent, as with tongue sincere.
Christian, may light e'er shine within thy soul
And round thy dwelling shed its kindly cheer.
E'en when the clouds of earthly sorrow rise,
And troubles rend thine heart—e'en when the grave
With its deep gloom before thee lies, and death
With its dark shadows hovers round thy form—
Still may a light shine in thy soul. And when
The light of sun, and moon, and stars is quenched,
When from the firmament they are removed
By Him who put them there, when earth and time
No longer may exist, when hell is closed
And all its darkness shut from holy view—
Then may the glory of the Lord that fills
The heavenly temple ever shine on thee!

## MELANCHTHON'S DYING WORDS.

"Aliud nihil nisi coelum."

Upon the couch of death
Behold the good man lie;
He smiles, for soon he hopes
To be with God on high.
Earth's forms and shadows dim
Are passing from his view,
And to his weeping friends
He speaks his last adieu.
No doubts distress his mind,
No fears disturb his soul,
He longs to spring from earth,
And reach the heavenly goal.
His work of faith all done,
Earth's pilgrimage quite trod,
His suffering spirit yearns
To rest in peace with God.

The love and loving stand
Around that bed of death,
Intent to hear each word
And catch the parting breath.
How swift the moments fly!
The sands are dropping fast,
And soon the whole of life
Will mingle with the past.

And now affection's voice,
In kind and gentle tone,
Addresses once again
The good man ere he 's gone:
"Oh, say, departing one,
What shall to thee be given?"
His eyes are upward turned;
He cries, "Naught else but heaven!"

Oh sweet sustaining hope!
Oh strong triumphant faith!
The spirit only waits
To be set free by death.
The body craves repose
Within the peaceful grave,
Made sacred by the form
Of Him who died to save.
Earth now has not one charm
To captivate the eye,
No creature love can hold
The spirit from the sky.
Oh say, ye weeping ones,
What shall to him be given?
His eye and voice proclaim,
"I ask naught else but heaven."